THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1809.

FROM THE EYE,

RECOMMENDING THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Mr. EDITOR,

Amongst the many elegant amusements which at present prevail in this city, is that most delectable one of *smoking segars*. This is one of the most refined pleasures;---it gratifies both the *taste* and *smell* at the same time. Our parlours, our taverns, and even our streets are constantly enlivened by a Rappahannock gale. Early in the morn we meet the callow stripling stalking up Broadway, carrying all his knowledge under his arm, with the regaling tube in his mouth, pointing his course to that temple of wisdom, where sit, in solemn state, the gimcrack philosopher and the learned doctor of nouns and pronouns. At evening, go where we will, every politician has his head, like his arguments, wrapt in smoke and darkness. Look in at Baker's, there you see the full-grown cit, with his segar in his mouth, his pint before him, puffing away the cares of the day, and joining in the *loyal* song and toast. How sublime to hear him speak, and view his head encircled by a cloud of perfume!

During one of my ocular excursions the other evening, how was I delighted with the company and appearance of Mr. R - - - -. He is a true blood of the first style, who would rather be in jail than out of the fashion, and whose sole aim is the admiration of the lovely *fair*. This buck smokes at least thirty or forty segars every day. His breath smells almost as sweet as Peter Williams's tobacco manufactory;---his teeth are plated with sulphur;---his face and nose are gracefully contracted, like that of a baboon, by the heat of segars;---and the skin of his face is smoked to a good lasting olive. To see him breathing his sighs, mixed with smoke, into the bosom of his charmer, is a scene which Hogarth might have dwelt with delight on. Since Poets agree that Love is blind, our Adonis rightly judges it will be best to attract his attention by the smell.

I was just going to mention a few more of the pleasures and advantages derived from smoking, such as furnishing employment to the idle and unthinking: (by-the-bye, why not introduce smoking into churches for this purpose?) destroying that taste which nature has given;---giving a zest to spiritous liquors;---preventing a strong ap-

petite (which ought to be much recommended in Spain and Sweden at present);---shortening the ills of life by inviting consumptions;---above all the delightful music of hemming, hacking, and spitting, in a company of smokers; and so on----when my friend, M. J-----, who is one of the votaries of Mundungus, and was then paying his evening sacrifice to the sutty god, smoked me out, and so broke my train of thought.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER.

BY MASSILLON.

THE office of penitence, says St. Augustin, is that of establishing order wherever sin hath introduced corruption. It is false, if it be not universal; for order solely results from a perfect subordination of all desires and emotions which spring up in our hearts; every thing must be in its place, in order that that divine harmony, which sin had disturbed, may be restored; and, while the smallest particular there remains deranged, in vain do you labour to repair the rest; you only rear up an edifice, which, being improperly arranged, is continually giving way in some of its parts, and confusion, and disorder prevail through the whole.

Now, behold the important instruction held out to us in the conversion of this sinner! Her sin comprised several disorders: An iniquitous use of her heart, which had never been taken up but with creatures; a criminal abuse of all natural gifts, which she had made the instruments of her passions; a shameful abasement of her senses, which she had always made to contribute to her voluptuousness and ignominy; and a universal scandal in the notoriety of her errors. Her penitence makes reparation for all these disorders: all, consequently, are forgiven; for nothing is neglected in the repentance.

I say, first, an iniquitous use of her heart. Yes, my brethren, every love, which has for its object only the creature, degrades our heart: it is a disorder, to love for itself that which can neither be our happiness nor our perfection, nor, consequently, our ease. For, to love, is to seek our felicity in that which we love: it is the hope of finding in the object beloved, whatever is wanting to our heart; it is the calling it in aid against that shocking void which we feel within ourselves, in the confidence that they shall be able to fill it; to love, is to look upon the object beloved as our resource against all our wants, the cure of all our evils, and the author of all our good. Now, as it is in God alone that we can find all these advantages, it is a disorder, and a debasement of the heart, to seek for them in a vile creature.

And, at bottom, we feel sensibly ourselves the injustice of that love: however passionate it be, we quickly discover in the creatures which inspire it, weaknesses and defects which render them unworthy of it: we soon find them out to be unjust, fanciful, false, vain, and inconstant; the deeper we examine them, the more we say to ourselves, that our heart has been deceived, and that this is not the object which it sought. Our reason inwardly blushes at the weakness of our passion; we no longer submit to our chains but with pain; our passion becomes our burden and our punishment. But punished, without being undeceived in our error, we see, in a change, a remedy for our mistake: we wander from object to object, and if some

one at last chance to fix us, it is not that we are satisfied with our choice, it is that we are tired of our inconstancy.

Our sinner had wandered in these ways: iniquitous loves had been the cause of all her misfortunes, and of all her crimes; and, born to love God alone, he alone it was whom she had never loved. But scarcely hath she known him, says the gospel, when, blushing at the meanness of her former passions, she no longer acknowledges but him alone, to be worthy of her heart; all in the creature appears to her empty, false and disgusting: far from finding those charms, from which her heart had formerly with such difficulty defended itself, she no longer sees in them, but their frivolity, their danger, and their vanity. The Lord alone, in her sight, appears good, real, faithful, constant to his promises, magnificent in his gifts, true in his affection, indulgent even in his anger, alone sufficiently great to fill the whole immensity of our heart; alone sufficiently powerful to satisfy all its desires; alone sufficiently generous to soften all its distresses; alone immortal, and who shall for ever be loved: lastly, to love whom, can be followed by the sole repentance of having loved him too late.

It is love therefore, my brethren, which makes true penitents; for penitence is only a changing of the heart; and the heart does not change, but in changing its love: penitence is only the re-establishment of order in man; and man is only in order when he loves the Lord, for whom he is made: penitence is only a reconciliation with God; and your reconciliation is fictitious, if you do not restore to him your heart: in a word, penitence obtains the remission of sins, and sins are remitted only in proportion to our love.

Tell us no more then, my brethren, when we hold out these grand examples for your imitation, that you do not feel yourself born for devotion, and that your heart is of such a nature, that every thing which is denominated piety is disagreeable to it. What! My dear hearer, your heart is not made for loving its God? Your heart is not made for the Creator who hath given it to you? What! You are born then for vanity and falsehood? Your heart, so grand, so exalted, and which nothing here below can satisfy, has been bestowed on you, solely for pleasures which weary you; creatures which deceive you; honours which embarrass you; a world which tires, or disgusts you? God alone, for whom you are made, and who hath made you what you are, should find nothing for himself in the principle of your being? Ah! You are unjust towards your own heart: You know not yourself, and you take your corruption for yourself. And in effect, if not born for virtue, what then is the melancholy mystery of your lot? For what are you born? what chimera then are you among men? You are born then only for remorse, and gloomy care? the author of your being, hath drawn you from non-entity, only to render you miserable? You are gifted then with a heart only to pursue a happiness, which either is visionary, or which flies from you, and to be a continual burden to yourfelf?

O man! open here thine eyes; fathom to the bottom the destiny of thy heart, and thou wilt acknowledge that these turbulent passions, which fill thee with such repugnances to virtue, are foreign to thy nature; that such is not the natural state of thy heart; that the author of nature and of grace had bestowed on thee a more sublime lot; that thou wert born for order, for righteousness, and for innocence; that thou hast corrupted a happy nature, by turning it towards iniquitous passions; and that if not born for virtue, we know not what thou art, and thou becomest incomprehensible to thyself.

But you are mistaken, when you consider as inclinations incompatible with piety, those warm propensities towards pleasure which are born with you. From the instant that grace shall have sanctified them, they will become dispositions favourable for salvation. The more you are animated in the pursuit of the world and its false pleasures, the more eager shall you be for the Lord, and for true riches; the more you have been found tender and feeling by creatures, the easier shall be the access of grace to your heart: in proportion as your nature is haughty, proud, and aspiring, the more shall you serve the Lord, without fear, without disguise, without meanness; the more your character now appears easy, light and inconstant, the easier it will be for you to detach yourself from your criminal attachments, and to return to your God. Lastly, your passions themselves, if I may venture to speak in this manner, will become the means of facilitating your penitence. Whatever had been the occasion of your destruction, you will render it conducive towards your salvation; you will see and acknowledge, that to have received a tender, faithful and generous heart, is to have been born for piety, and that a heart which creatures have been able to touch, holds out great and favourable dispositions towards grace.

Peruse what remains to us of the history of the just, and you will see that those who have at the first been dragged away by mad passions, who were born with every talent calculated for the world, with the warmest propensities towards pleasures, and the most opposite to every thing pious, have been those in whom grace hath operated the most wonderful change. And, without mentioning the sinner of our gospel, the Augustins, the Pelagius', the Fabioles', those worldly and dissipated souls, so obstinate and rooted in their debaucheries, and so diametrically opposite, it would seem, to piety; what progress have they not since made in the ways of God? And their former propensities, have, as I may say, only paved the way for their penitence. The same soil which nourishes and produces great passions, gives birth likewise to the greatest virtues, when it pleases the Lord to change the heart. My God! Thou hast made us all for thee, and in the incomprehensible arrangement of thy Providence, and of thy mercy towards man, even our weaknesses are to conduce towards our sanctification. It is thus, that our sinner made reparation for the iniquitous use of her heart.

DICK SCAMPER

was one of the most pleasant fellows living, full of wit and anecdote; but he was a performer on the stage of the world who never attended rehearsals, and was never perfect in his part; his vices were the mere effects of chance, and his virtues the impulse of the moment. Dick had not any one established principle but good humour; and with the help of that he got out of his scrapes, or did not care a fig about them. Dick was always in haste when there was no necessity for it, and obstinately deliberate when promptitude only was required; he was constantly *remembering* that he had forgotten; innumerable were the difficulties that he created for himself, and the mistakes that he made every day, from forgetfulness. Dick has an appointment in the City; goes to the Jerusalem Coffee house to meet a Gentleman who was to be at Lloyd's; sends an apology, with an appointment to meet the next day at the Jerusalem, aud attends very punctually at Lloyd's; Dick orders his man to be with his horse at Mile end Turn-

pike, exactly at four o'clock ; quite forgets it, takes the stage, discovers his mistake just as he gets a mile beyond Stradford, stops the coach, gets out, and walks all the way to town; finds his man waiting in the cold with his horse, mounts it, and rides home as if nothing had happened. Thieves are heard in his house ; he gets up, dresses himself completely in his shooting jacket, and very leisurely walks down with his double barrelled pistol to shoot them, just as they have made off with whatever of his property they could lay their hands on. Dick is in dreadful anxiety how to make up a large bill which he expects to become due the next day ; runs all over the City ; with great difficulty raises the amount ; is quite delighted ; the bill is not presented ; wonders very much; runs away to the indorser's and to the banker's ; finds tohis astonishment that it has a month longer to run: is heartily *vexed* at being so *lucky*. Dick istold there is some news ; is frantick to hear it, puts on his servant's laced cocked hat, by mistake, instead of his own, and sallies into the street ; boys take him for the beadle of the parish, and run away from their marbles : takes no notice of them, walks into a coffee-house, sits down ; is reproved by the waiter, who tells him, that it is not decent for livery servants to sit down among gentlemen ; stares with astonishment ; begins wondering ; has half a mind to be in a passion ; pulls of his hat to wipe his face, finds it laced, sneaks away, and sets off as hard as he can : falls in with the boys again, who run before him all the way he goes.

Dick loses his pocket book with several bank notes ; runs about to all the bill-printers and bill-stickers, newspaper offices and criers in town ; don't hear any thing of it for a week : a fine day, puts on his green coat, puts his hand in his pocket, discovers his pocket book ; " Well ! who would have thought it ?" runs immediately with an advertisement for all the papers, stating, that the Public need not give themselves any more trouble about his pocket book, as it was found ; don't know what to do with the money he had offered for a reward ; gives it to an old maimed sailor. Dick stops one day to read at a bookstall, is very much entertained with an odd volume ; an old friend passing by, Dick claps the book in his pocket and runs after him, while he himself is run after by the bookseller, who calls out " Stop thief !" a mob is presently collected, and poor Dick, in spite of all his protestations, hurried away to Bow-street ; meets in his way another friend, a man of high rank, catches hold of him by the coat, " My dear Lord ! if ever I had occasion for a great man, it is now. Do you know, I am taken up for stealing an odd volume of Peregrine Pickle, though you know I have a set of the best edition at home. The Nobleman ; who happened to know the eccentricities of his friend, and the harmlessness of his character, accompanies him to the office, and speaks in his favour to the Magistrates, who ask his name. The fact however is proved, and the book produced, and handed up to the Justice, who very gravely admonishes him for his fault, and inquires how he could have the audacity to write his name on the title page ; Dick is still more amazed, asks to look at it ; finds his own crest inside the cover, and the book to be one of his own set ; abuses the bookseller, who now runs off in his turn, leaving Dick in quiet possession of his odd volume of Peregrine Pickle ; Dick laughs, puts the book in his pocket, and is very glad to come off so well.

MAXIMS.

By Rochefoucault.

DECEIT.

We cannot bear to be deceived by our enemies, and betrayed by our friends; yet we are often content to be served so by ourselves. It is as easy to deceive ourselves without our perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without their perceiving it. Dulness is sometimes a sufficient security against the attack of an artful man.

He who imagines he can do without the world, deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken. In love, the deceit almost always outstrips the distrust. We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived, than in being undeceived by those we love. When our friends have deceived us, we have a right to be indifferent to their professions of friendship; yet we ought always to retain a sensibility for their misfortunes.

FAULTS.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own. A great genius will sincerely acknowledge both his defects and perfections; for it is a weakness not to own the ill as well as the good that is in us. If we had no faults ourselves, we should not take pleasure in observing those of others. We are often more agreeable through our faults, than through our good qualities. There are people who are disagreeable with great merit; and others who with great faults are agreeable. We acknowledge our faults, in order to repair by our sincerity the hurt they do us in the opinion of others. Only great men have great faults. Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves as well as others: honest men know and confess them. We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones. There are some faults, which, when well managed, make a greater figure than virtue itself. We have not assurance enough to say in general that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particulars we seem to think so. We have few faults which are not more excusable in themselves than the means we use to conceal them. We boast of faults that are the opposites to those we really have: thus, if we are irresolute, we glory in being thought obstinate. We easily excuse in our friends the faults which do not affect us. We endeavour to acquire reputation by those faults we determine not to amend. It seems as if men thought they had not faults enow, for they increase their number by certain affected singularities; which are cultivated so carefully, that at last they become natural defects, beyond their power to reform.

SOUL.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection, than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be well.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as those of the body. Thus we often mistake for a cure, what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease.

The flaws of the soul resemble the wounds of the body; let them be ever so skilfully healed, the scar always appears, and they are in danger of breaking open again.

TALKATIVENESS.

We speak little when vanity does not prompt us.

We had rather speak ill of ourselves than not speak at all.

It is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so small wits seem to have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of ourselves, ought to make us apprehensive that it gives but little to our auditors.

We know that we should not talk of our wives; but we seem not to know that we should talk still less of ourselves.

It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Earthquake----On Thursday morning, May 30, at New-Haven, at five minutes before ten, a very sensible shock of an earthquake was felt in that town and neighbourhood. The first notice of its approach was a distant rumbling sound, similar to that of several loaded waggons passing over firmly beaten ground, advancing from the west or northwest for about ten seconds, when the sound was apparently nearest, and at the same instant a severe shock was experienced much resembling one produced by the concussion of two vessels, and for a few seconds after nearly the same giddy motion was experienced. The sound continued about as long after as before the shock and passed off to the east or southeast. In many houses the glass and other wares were observed to ring with considerable force.

The state of the atmosphere had been some what variable during the morning ; although for two or more hours the sun had shone bright with serene sky, and fresh breeze at west, this weather has continued with little intermission, eversince ; except that on Sunday evening we were visited with an unusually severe thunder storm.

To what distance the earthquake was felt is yet to be ascertained. We learn that upwards of 20 miles to the west and north, and nearly as far to the eastward the convulsion was distinctly noticed.

On Thursday afternoon a quarrel arose between Capt. John Roach, of the brig Hawke at the quarantine ground and his mate. The following particulars which led to and decided the dispute are obtained from the Coroner. When Capt Roach returned on board, he enquired of the mate if he had performed certain duties as directed, in counting some sticks of logwood ; the mate replied, that " he had weighed them but had not taken the count,' and declared that he, (the captain] had not directed them to be counted. The captain affirmed that he had directed them to be counted, and called the mate a liar ! The lie was returned---upon which the captain pulled the mate by the nose and called him a man of no spirit! The mate replied, "bring up your pistols, and I will convince you that I am a man of spirit." The captain immediately brought a pair of pistols out of the cabin, and on presenting one to the mate he said, " There is a loaded pistol for you, mine is not loaded----take your distance !" The mate went forward and said, " captain, are you ready ?" The other replied, "fire and be damned." Upon which he did fire, and shot the captain through the head.

The Common Council of the Borough of Norfolk have passed "an ordinance for extending the benefits of Vaccination," &c.---Any Physician or other person introducing the Small Pox by inoculation, or

otherwise is subject to a penalty of twenty dollars,----The Council have directed the poor to be vaccinated at the expence of the corporation.

The account of a duel between Sir George Macklin and a French officer, some time since published, proves to be a fabrication. It was communicated to the editor in a letter purporting to be signed by a gentleman of respectability. That signature proves to be a forgery, though strongly resembling the genuine hand writing As there was a person in the city who passed by the appellation of Sir George Macklin, and by that name called upon the British minister both in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and as he has never denied the correctnes of the publication, suspicion will certainly attach to him as an impostor and the author of the imposition unless he can give some satisfactory explanation of the affair.---*U. S. Gazette.*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV. the King of Sweden, just deposed, was 30 years of age on the first of last Nov. He was 14 years of age when his father died; and was, according to his father's will, under the guardianship of his uncle the Duke of Sudermania, (who has now again taken the reins) till he was 18 years of age, when his legal minority ceased. The Duke is believed to be about 60 years of age. Revolutions have been frequent in Sweeden; but they have generally arisen from struggles between royalty and aristocracy.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Gold Betts, to Miss Ann Delamarter.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Mr. Samuel Thorne, to Miss Sarah Cheeseman, both of this city.

At Salem, Mass. Mr. William Osborn, merchant of New-York, to Miss Priscilla A. Jenks.

Those who have not been regularly served with the numbers, will please to leave their names at the office, cor. Wall and Wm. strs.

BILL OF MORTALITY,
from the 21st to the 28th May.

	Years.		years.
Jacob Tier, jun.	24	Mary Ford	36
James M'Laughlin	38	Mary Riley	33
C. Vanseveuhouses	32	Robert Williams	30
Rachel Hobar	23	Mrs. Eliz. Flennel	95
John Allen	45	Peter Allen	46
James Farrell	40	John West (bl.)	45
A drowned man	30	Jacob Place	40
Sally Ray	36	Wm. Franklin	31
Hannah Parson	52	Sarah Lloyd	70
Elizabeth Weldon	28	Eleanor Dunn	58
Lockwood's child	8	Ann Macken	30
James Duggen	31	Sarah Bond	79
Eliz. Dunn	8	John Low	46
Susan Vanderpool	9	Thos. Webb, jun.	29
Widow Lawrence	79	Orvado Chese	89
Sarah Waldron	25	Jennet Thompson	2
Emily Ann Dillon	9 mo.	Leonard Hilton	13 mo.
E. A. Vandewater	3 mo.	Anderson's ch.	20 mo.
W. Bussing's ch.	4 mo.	H. Southard's ch	14 d.

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